DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 232 808 RC 014 218

AUTHOR	Gilliland, Hap
TITLE	Chant of the Red Man. A Fable for Americans.
INSTITUTION	Montana Council for Indian Education, Billings.
PUB DATE	76
NOTE	89p.; Photographs will not reproduce.
AVAILABLE FROM	Montana Council for Indian Education, 517 Rimrock Road, Billings, MT 59102 (DJ-48, $3.95).
PUB TYPE	Creative Works (Literature,Drama,Fine Arts) (030) -- Guides - Classroom Use - Guides (For Teachers) (052) -- Collected Works - General (020)
EDRS PRICE	MF01 Plus Postage. PC Not Available from EDRS.
DESCRIPTORS	American Indian Culture; American Indian Education; *American Indian History; *American Indian Literature; *American Indians; Canada Natives; *Comparative Education; *Cultural Awareness; Cultural Influences; Culture Conflict; Poetry; Science Fiction; *Study Guides; Tribes
IDENTIFIERS	Blackfeet (Tribe); Cree (Tribe); Nez Perce (Tribe); Oglala Sioux (Tribe); Salish (Tribe); Sioux (Tribe)

ABSTRACT

An anthology of 30 short poetry and prose selections by and about American Indians tries to show what it is like to be an Indian in today's world. In addition to material by Hap Gilliland, Arthur Chapman, Mayme E. Finley, Jack Fiddler, and excerpts from Christopher Columbus' account to Ferdinand and Isabella, items are included by: Duke Redbird and Bazil Katasse (Blackfeet); Chief Crazy Horse and Benjamin Black Elk (Oglala Sioux); Sitting Bull, Chief Crowfoot, Elizabeth Goss, and Midji Stephenson (Sioux); Chief Dan George (Salish); Chief Joseph (Nez Perce); Diane Bellrose and Dora Nataway (Indian elementary school children from Manitoba); Gordon Moore (Cree); a delegation of Iroquois leaders of over 200 years ago; and the Grand Council Fire of American Indians (1927). Some subjects covered are education, civilization, freedom, progress, life, marriage, and Indian pride and history, plus a science fiction fable about life in America after an invasion by the Chinese. A nine-page study commentary provides background information on the selections and their authors, as well as points to consider about selections. Photographs of Indian people and places from North and South America are included. (MH)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

ree 03-04-80

CHANT OF THE RED MAN

ED232808

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)

☑ This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
☐ Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.

• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official NIE position or policy.

PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL IN MICROFICHE ONLY HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Hap Gilliland
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

A Fable For Americans

by

Hap Gilliland

RC 014218

DJ - 48
Montana Council For Indian Education
$3.95

All books published by the Montana Fund for Indian Education are selected by an Indian editorial board and are approved for use with Indian children. We appreciate the help of the following who acted as editorial board for this book:

John Woodenlegs - Northern Cheyenne
Tom Thompson - Blackfeet
Robert Conley - Cherokee
Denise Rankin - Nez Perce, Salish
Lora Demaray - Northern Cheyenne
Carol Kennedy - Blackfeet, Seneca, Oneida
Barbara Bird - Blackfeet
Rayola Eider- Sioux
David LaMere - Winnebago

John Woodenlegs and Author Hap Gilliland

CHANT OF THE RED MAN

A Fable For Americans

APR 1980
RECEIVED
ERIC/CRESS

by

Hap Gilliland

with drawings and photos by the author

Copyright 1976 by
MONTANA COUNCIL FOR INDIAN EDUCATION

Montana Council For Indian Education
517 Rimrock Road, Billings, Montana 59102

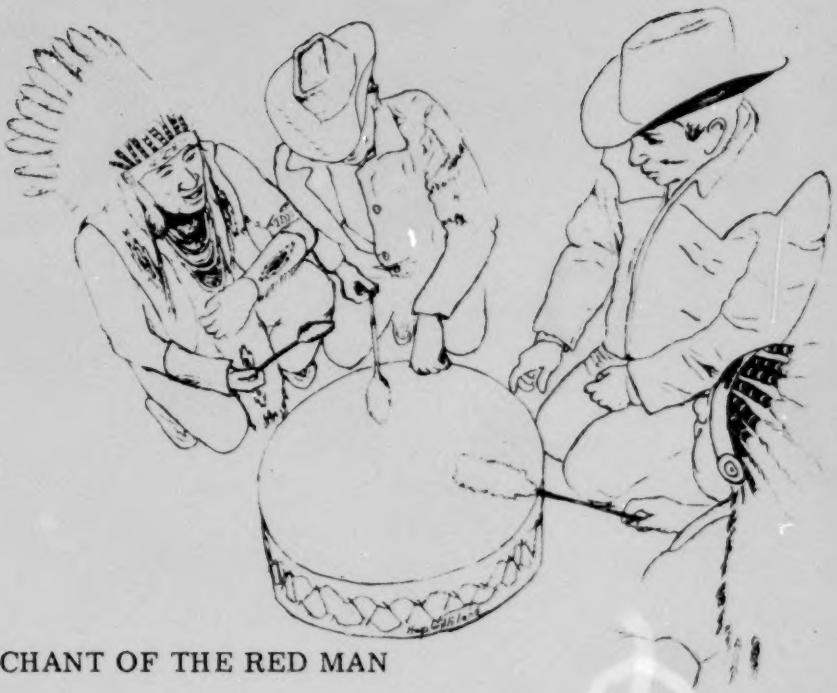
What is it like to be an Indian in today's world? In this book, the author uses some of his own writing plus poems and quotations from a number of Indians, past and present, to try to answer that question.

CONTENTS

CHANT OF THE RED MAN -- Duke Redbird 6
WHO AM I? -- Bazil Katasse. 9
I AM THE RED MAN -- Duke Redbird 11
WHAT IS AN INDIAN? -- Christopher Columbus . . 13
WHAT IS LIFE? -- Chief Crowfoot 15
WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? -- Chief Crazy Horse . . 17
WHAT IS PROGRESS? -- Chief Dan George 18
WHAT IS FREEDOM? -- Chief Joseph. 21
WHERE SHALL WE LOOK? -- Sitting Bull. 22
THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD -- Arthur Chapman . . . 23
A FABLE FOR AMERICANS -- Hap Gilliland. . . . 24
WHAT IS AN EDUCATION -- Delegation of
Iroquois Leaders. 33
IS IT FOR GOOD? -- Dora Nataway 39
MY HERITAGE -- Midji Stephenson 41
MAKHPIYA LUTA -- Elizabeth Goss. 43
TEACHING HISTORY -- Benjamin Black Elk 45
WHAT WILL YOU TEACH MY CHILDREN --
Chief Dan George. 46
RECOMMENDATIONS -- Grand Council Fire
of American Indians 49
THE BEAVER -- Duke Redbird 52
KILLDEER BATTLEFIELD -- Elizabeth Goss . . . 55
BIG HORN -- Mayme Finley. 57
LOST -- Diana Bellrose 61
ILLUSION -- Elizabeth Goss 63
SPELL OF THE WINDEGO -- Gordon Moore 64
THE MARRIAGE -- Duke Redbird. 65

TROUBLED TIMES -- Gordon Moore 67
CAST YOUR FACE TO THE WINDS -- Jack Fiddler. 69
THE SUN STILL SHINES -- Gordon Moore. 71
RED MAN'S DRUM -- Hap Gilliland 72
STUDY COMMENTARY -- Hap Gilliland. 74

CHANT OF THE RED MAN



CHANT OF THE RED MAN

The drum has started beating
The chanting
First high
Then low
And high again
The drumsticks are just a blur
Upon the painted buffalo skin
The chanting
A haunting cry
That stirs dead hearts
And moves deep passions
Abandoned down in the dark
Recesses of the soul.

I close my eyes
And darkness has disappeared
Color now is everywhere
Leaping and bounding
Laughing and swirling
Rising and falling
Spinning and curling
Rhythmically and symmetrically
The chant and the drum.

My voice and my heart
If they live
I live
Life and death
Love and sorrow
I am a man
Akin to God
Joy, harmony and freedom
I am free and
I dance

-- Duke Redbird (1)*

* Reference Notes throughout this book refer to the study notes included in the back of the book beginning on page 74.

WHO AM I?

The sky looks down on me in aimless blues
The sun glares at me with a questioning light
The mountains tower over me with uncertain shadows
The trees sway in the bewildered breeze
The deers dance in perplexed rhythms
The ants crawl around me in untrusting circles
The birds soar above me with doubtful dips and dives.
They all, in their own way, ask the question
Who are you, who are you?
I have to admit to them, to myself,
I am an Indian.

-- Bazil Katasse (Blackfeet)

I AM THE REDMAN

I am the Redman
Son of the forest, mountain and lake
What use have I of the asphalt
What use have I of the brick and concrete
What use have I of the automobile
Think you these gifts divine
That I should be humbly grateful.

I am the Redman
Son of the tree, hill and stream
What use have I of china and crystal
What use have I of diamonds and gold
What use have I of money
Think you these from heaven sent
That I should be eager to accept.

I am the Redman
Son of the earth, water and sky
What use have I of silk and velvet
What use have I of nylon and plastic
What use have I of your religion
Think you these be holy and sacred
That I should kneel in awe.

I am the Redman
I look at you White Brother
And I ask you
Save not me from sin and evil
Save yourself.

-- Duke Redbird (Blackfeet)

WHAT IS AN INDIAN? (2)

So tractable, so peaceable, are these people that I swear to your Majesties there is not in the world a better nation. They love their neighbors as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and accompanied with a smile, and though it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy.

--Christopher Columbus

WHAT IS LIFE? (3)

What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the Sunset.

--Crow Foot (Sioux)

WHAT IS CIVILIZATION? (4)

We did not ask you white men to come here. The Great Spirit gave us this country as a home. You had yours. We did not interfere with you. The Great Spirit gave us plenty of land to live on, and buffalo, deer, antelope and other game. But you have come here; you are taking my land from me; you are killing off our game, so it is hard for us to live. Now, you tell us to work for a living, but the Great Spirit did not make us to work, but to live by hunting. You white men can work if you want to. We do not interfere with you, and again you say, why do you not become civilized? We do not want your civilization! We would live as our fathers did, and their fathers before them.

--Chief Crazy Horse (Oglala Sioux)

WHAT IS PROGRESS? (5)

How long have I known you, oh Canada? A hundred years? Yes, a hundred years. And many "seelanum" more. And today, when you celebrate your hundred years, oh Canada, I am sad for all the Indian people throughout the land.
For I have known you when your forests were mine; when they gave me my meat and my clothing. I have known you in your streams and rivers where your fish flashed and danced in the sun, where the waters said come, come and eat of my abundance. I have known you in the freedom of your winds. And my spirit, like the winds, once roamed your good lands.

But in the long hundred years since the white man came, I have seen my freedom disappear like the salmon going mysteriously out to sea. The white man's strange customs which I could not understand pressed down upon me until I could no longer breathe.
When I fought to protect my land and my home, I was called a savage. When I neither understood nor welcomed this way of life, I was called lazy. When I tried to rule my people, I was stripped of my authority.

My nation was ignored in your history textbooks - they were little more important in the history of Canada than the buffalo that ranged the plains. I was ridiculed in your plays and motion pictures. When I drank your fire-water, I got drunk - very, very drunk. And I forgot.
Oh Canada, how can I celebrate with you this Centenary, this hundred years? Shall I thank you for the reserves that are left to me of my beautiful forests? For the canned fish of my rivers? For the loss of my pride and authority, even among my own people? For the lack of

my will to fight back? No! I must forget what's past and gone.

Oh, God in Heaven! Give me back the courage of the olden Chiefs. Let me wrestle with my surroundings. Let me again, as in the days of old, dominate my environment. Let me humbly accept this new culture and through it rise up and go on.

Oh, God! Like the Thunderbird of old I shall rise again out of the sea; I shall grab the instruments of the white man's success - his education, his skills, and with these new tools I shall build my race into the proudest segments of your society. Before I follow the great chiefs who have gone before us, oh Canada, I shall see these things come to pass.

I shall see our young braves and our chiefs sitting in the houses of law and government, ruling and being ruled by the knowledge and freedom of our great land. So shall we shatter the barriers of our isolation. So shall the next hundred years be the greatest in the proud history of our tribes and nations.

--Chief Dan George (Salish)

WHAT IS FREEDOM? (6)

I know that my race must change. We can not hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man--free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade, where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself--and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we shall have no more wars. We shall be all alike--brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands upon the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

--Chief Joseph (Nez Perce)
1879

WHERE SHALL WE LOOK? (7)

If a man loses anything and goes back and looks carefully for it, he will find it, and that is what the Indians are doing now.

--Sitting Bull (Sioux)

THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD

The white man's road is hard for us to follow;
Our feet are bruised and bleeding, but who shall heed
our cries?
The white man's code--what has it proved but hollow?
No ears have caught our pleading--unheard the red man
dies.

The white man's creed is lost in white man's sinning;
Our faith is slowly flagging--no door shall let us in--
None sees our need, though fast our ranks are thinning--
The weary feet are lagging that wear the moccasin.

The white man's word--what has it been but broken?
Our lodge-fires are burning--without the air is cold;
And thus, unheard, with sorrows deep, unspoken,
All hopeless are we turning--we who were kings of old!

--Arthur Chapman
1911

A FABLE FOR AMERICANS

Introduction

This is a type of science fiction story -- a story of the future, of what America might be like after an invasion by the Chinese. Why is it printed here? This you will learn before the end of the story.

Imagine that you are the American in the story. What is your reaction of the Chinese invaders?

There are study notes in the back of the book, but do not spoil the fun of the story by looking at them before you have read the story completely through once!

This story is fiction: It could not happen in America--or could it!

A FABLE FOR AMERICANS (8)

The Place: What is now Montana
The Time: The distant future

Chang glanced at his timepiece. The year showed 100 A. C. The time was 1400 hours. He still had time. He would not want to be caught in Billings after dark. Before landing for the interview, Chang let his craft hover over Billings for a few minutes so he could look over the town. Signs of poverty were everywhere. Most of the people still lived in the square American houses, and the few pagodas did not seem well kept.

It was with some apprehension that Chang set his craft down beside the school. He had been assured that there was really no danger -- that the Americans were no longer barbarians. In fact, some people said they felt just as safe among the Americans as if they were in Hang Chow or Peking. (9)

He watched the tall ungainly children with their pale faces for a few minutes. They still retained most of their American characteristics, although they all wore Chinese clothing and were playing a typical Chinese game -- "almost like other children," he thought. Perhaps he would not find the Americans so strange as he had been led to believe. After all, it had been one hundred years since the Chinese conquered the Americans. (10) Surely they had made some progress toward becoming civilized!

(8) Reference numbers refer to the commentary at the end of the book, beginning on page 74, but these should not be read until you have finished reading the story.

One of the children quickly directed Chang to the home of Lin Smith (11) who lived only a short distance away. He glided over to the little house and went in. Smith was expecting him, as he had been notified that Chang was coming.

Chang took plenty of time to get acquainted with Lin Smith and explain the purpose of his visit. He explained to Smith that he was a historian, and he wanted to write a history which would include the American point of view. Since Smith was one of the oldest Americans, he still remembered much of the early occupation and had heard many stories of the days when the Americans still lived as a free people.

When they finally got down to business, Smith asked, "Just what is it you would like for me to tell you?"

"Just tell me about the history of your people as you see it," Chang said. He watched the old wrinkled face of the American as he leaned back and thought for a while. Finally Smith began:

"You know that this is the year 100 A.C. It is just one hundred years after the conquest of America by the Chinese." (12)

"After the first invasion, we Americans fought for a while, but we won very few battles. There just wasn't any chance for us against the greatly superior weapons and the great numbers of the Chinese."

Here Chang asked the obvious question. "Wasn't it foolish for the Americans to keep on fighting? Any intelligent person should have seen that the Chinese weapons were so greatly superior that you didn't have a chance, especially when you were so greatly outnumbered."

"I know it's hard for you to understand now," Smith answered, "but we Americans loved our way of life, we loved our freedom, and we loved our land. Some of us were even willing to die to preserve our way of life."

"But," Chang asked, "couldn't your leaders see that if they cooperated with the Chinese, and worked with them they would be better off? They could have become a part of Chinese life much sooner."

Smith laughed. "We tried that at first. In fact, we welcomed the first Orientals. We taught them how to do business the American way. Without our help, they never could have made it here. But then they started coming by the thousands and took over whole cities and states without even offering to pay anything for them. They didn't recognize that we had any property rights - or any other rights. So we fought back - even though it was hopeless. We might have done pretty well; we might have kept some of our land, in spite of your weapons and your numbers except for the biological warfare."

Here Chang interrupted, "Biological warfare! Are you saying the Chinese used germ warfare?"

"You don't know about that, do you!" Smith said. "Most of the history books don't even mention it. But then, they were all written by the Chinese! It was really the diseases that defeated us. The invaders brought with them all those horrible diseases -- many times worse than anything we had ever known -- and they wiped out whole towns. In fact, more than half of our people were killed by them. Of course the spread of the diseases wasn't all intentional, it got out of hand. But some of the Chinese generals saw germ warfare as a good way of carrying out their ambition of eliminating all white people as quickly as possible." (13)

Again Chang interrupted, "But that policy was brought on only because the white barbarians kept killing our peaceful settlers. The Americans claimed they were only protecting themselves, but we knew that war was the way of life of the Americans. Fighting was a part of their culture and there was no way to eliminate it. Just look at your history - World Wars, the Vietnam War, Korea, the Indian Wars - Americans simply could not live without war. It was bred into them."

Smith started to explain that the Americans didn't consider themselves war-like, that they actually were peace-loving people, that most of their wars were brought on by other nations who wanted more land, but he knew Chang wouldn't understand. He changed the subject and said, "That did not give you any right to take our land and all our possessions - to force us to drop our own culture - to change our way of life."

"But that was inevitable," Chang said. "Surely no one thinks the Americans should have been able to keep all that land for themselves when the rest of the world was so over populated! (14) And our policy of destroying the American culture was for your benefit. We knew that once the Americans learned to live in a civilized way they would recognize that the Chinese culture was so far superior that they would want to adopt it. After all, the Chinese had been civilized for five thousand years. You wouldn't want to go back and live like barbarians, would you?"

Smith knew there was no point in saying that Americans were civilized too, so he just said, "Well, we don't think we should be forced to give up all our old ways. Some of them were good."

"I wonder," Chang said, "if there was anything in the old American way of life that would be of any use in getting along in the modern world. It's hard to see how it could, but then we never discussed that in school. Some of our history books do tell a little about the American way of life before the conquest but they don't even mention the last hundred years. In fact, most of us, especially the children, don't realize there are still any Americans around. When I was in school we had an American unit and one day we dressed up like Americans and acted out an American church service and a battle, but we didn't learn anything about the way the Americans thought, their ideals, or their home life. The teacher never mentioned the present day Americans. Tell me, just what has happened to your way of life?"

Smith leaned back and thought a few minutes. He wanted to tell the truth, yet he didn't want to offend Chang. Finally he began, "As you know, it has been just one hundred years since the invasion -- what you call the liberation. After the Americans were finally conquered, we were put into concentration camps. For fifty years we were not allowed to vote or have any say about our lives. If anyone tried to do anything for himself, or if he tried to hold a prayer service or anything related to the American way of life, he was punished. The fact that we still think for ourselves, and retain some of the old ways is evidence of the strength of our culture." (15)

"We are no longer restricted to our concentration camps although many of us still live there and have built American towns. Now our population is growing. When we surrendered, the Chinese government promised us many things, among them jobs and a decent life, but with fifty years of imprisonment, most of our people eventually gave up. Now we are free to work if we can find

jobs, but they are not easy to get. People think we are lazy. We are criticized for our poverty by the Chinese who refuse to give us work because they are afraid that we might not be dependable, and they are sure we are not as intelligent as they are."

"There has been some mixing of cultures but mostly we have accepted your ways because it was inevitable that, if we must make a living among the Chinese, we must adopt some of their way of life."

Again Chang interrupted, "Why haven't you adopted Chinese ways completely? Since Chinese is the way of the modern world, you would get along much better - and surely you can see that the Chinese ways are the best! Why, after a hundred years, are you still trying to act like Americans?" (16)

"We like being Americans," Smith replied. "I know it's hard for you to believe, but we still think that some American ways are good and we hate to give them up. If your people would just recognize the contributions of the Americans to your way of life, it would give our children a sense of identity and a feeling that at least there is something good about being an American."

"What contributions?" Chang asked. "I don't know of any." (17)

"How about your food? Most of what you eat is American, not Chinese." (18)

"It can't be. The Americans were so occupied with war and had such a nomadic population, with their mobile homes and all, they couldn't possibly have developed much in the way of - " (19)

"And how about your government, and some of your medicine and your - " (20)

"Now you have to be kidding," Chang said. "You can't really believe that we learned anything about those things from the Americans!"

Smith could see that there was no use trying to tell Chang how much the Americans had contributed to his culture. Chang was like most other Chinese who knew almost nothing about the Americans who lived among them and had no understanding of the Americans, especially their contributions to the Chinese way of life. These things were not in the history books. But Smith was still upset. He exclaimed, "At least you could tell the truth about the invasion! Your books make us look like barbarians!" (21)

"The invasion?" Chang asked, "Do you mean the war of liberation? Surely you don't blame the Chinese for that! The Chinese fought when they had to, but it was inevitable that our civilization had to take over to make room for all our people. It's the Americans who were the aggressors. They kept attacking our occupation forces." (22)

Smith could see that Chang was one of those Chinese who believed the stereotypes of the Americans, and facts could never change his opinions. He would have to avoid more discussion of history. He might as well tell Chang what he wanted to hear.

"You asked about our way of life. Most of us still live in the old concentration camps (23) where the Chinese put our people when we were captured. Billings is a town in one of these areas. Most of the residents are Americans but the town is surrounded by Chinese. Most

of the people who have control are Chinese, nearly all of whom feel very strongly that the Chinese culture and civilization are far superior to the American.

"Billings does have a city council (24) which was elected by the Americans. They make many of the decisions for the town, however, the important decisions must be made or approved by the Bureau of American Activities, (25) a Chinese government agency set up to handle the affairs of the Americans until we are able to handle our own, they say! This bureau does plan to eventually turn the control over to the Americans, or so they have stated for the last fifty years, but that control will have to wait until the Americans become sufficiently oriented to the Chinese culture so they will be able to handle things for themselves without too many deviations from the Chinese way.

"Most Americans live in very inadequate houses. Unemployment for Americans in this town runs as high as fifty percent. Only a few have steady enough jobs or high enough pay to save any money. Since the banks cannot loan money to Americans (26) the only way to build a house is to save all the money necessary to build it. Even the Chinese don't do that! If anyone did save this much and build a house, he would be considered very un-American, spending all that money on himself when he had so many relatives and friends who were in need. His friends would say, 'You have forsaken your own people and become a Chinese'."

"The Chinese have built good schools for our children - that is, as good as the Chinese can arrange, considering the fact that very few qualified Chinese teachers are willing to teach in an American town. The government is willing to hire American teachers if they qualify under the Chinese standards, but almost none of our people

have had the courses required by the Chinese government. (27) Therefore, American teachers cannot be obtained in any great numbers. Approximately one out of fifty teachers, however, is Caucasian. Billings has one American teacher, one Spanish, and one Russian. This, the Chinese assume, is as good as all American. (28) Since all Caucasians are alike, having a Russian teacher should be just as good as an American teacher. Although a few of the Chinese teachers like the Americans, mix with them, and become a part of the community, the majority live in a group of houses next to each other and associate only with the other Chinese, very seldom getting acquainted with any Americans or learning anything about our ways, our feelings, or our culture. In school the children are taught to read the Chinese language in addition to being taught arithmetic and Chinese history, Chinese culture, and Chinese government. For PE, they play only Chinese games."

Smith paused and grinned. "That's really a joke on the Chinese because American games have influenced the Chinese sports until they're really more American than Chinese, but the Chinese don't know that!" (29) He went on, "The only music they ever learn in school is Chinese music. (30) Although it is no longer against the law for Americans to gather together to have American singing and dancing or American church services, no American music or dancing is taught in the school and school recreational activities consist entirely of Chinese dancing and games."

"Although many of our children speak little or no Chinese before they start school, they are punished if they speak a word of English in the schoolroom! (31) They hesitate to speak at all, for fear of making mistakes and being laughed at. They do learn to speak Chinese, but they still think in English and have to translate.

Therefore, they are slow with answers and the few Chinese students in the room always have the right answer first. Teachers soon learn that nearly all Americans are non-verbal and cannot express themselves well, and are probably mostly slow learners. Since it is obvious that they are vot very bright, it really doesn't matter how much effort is put into teaching them. They will accomplish very little anyway and will probably not be contributing members of the Chinese society."

"In history, the only books used are those written by Chinese authors. The books do mention the contributions of other nations to Chinese culture, but the only references to Americans are obviously referring to them as 'the blood thirsty American aggressors' even though it was the Chinese who came here and conquered us! All Americans of the past are pictured as being barbarians whose one great desire in life was to massacre the poor Chinese who, except for the Americans, could live peaceful and happy lives. No mention is made of the American family life or beliefs or ideals. We are referred to only in regard to our attacks upon the Chinese."

"A few of the Chinese teachers make a sincere effort to give an honest picture of American history and culture, but since they were taught nothing about it in their own schools and most of them have never met an American until they began teaching this school year, they find this very difficult."

"Not only are the books from which the children learn to read written in Chinese, but their beginning reading books are all about Chinese home life, which is so different from the home life which the children have had that they can see no relationships and get no meaning from the books." (32)

"When the Americans occasionally have a dance, all the school children attend and enjoy the American singing and dancing, but most of their out-of-school activities are Chinese. They go to movies, watch TV or read books all of which interpret the Chinese as the superior people with the world's highest culture, and almost invariably refer to Americans as bloodthirsty aggressors if they are mentioned at all."

"A few of the American parents go to great effort to teach their children of the good things in the American culture and some American history, but mostly the children develop a very poor self-concept. They feel inferior and many are ashamed of being Americans. School achievement is low since most of the pupils as well as their teachers believe that the majority of the American students cannot succeed."

"A few, however, work hard and do well in school. Some of these students leave the American town and go off to take jobs or go to college in Chinese communities. They are not as fluent in Chinese as other students and most people assume that they probably have an inferior education, so jobs are hard to find."

"Those who go to college find it very hard to adjust to the completely foreign culture into which they are expected to fit, and because they have learned to be quiet and inconspicuous, they may be ignored. Therefore, they find college life lonesome and soon become homesick. Some, however, do complete their education before returning to the American village. When they return, they find that many of their former friends do not accept them because they have become too Oriental."

As Smith talked, Chang kept glancing at his time piece. Finally he got up and moved to the door, but

before he stepped outside he turned and said, "That's the trouble with you Americans. We give you a good education and then you go back to your own people instead of staying somewhere that you could make something of yoursleves! There's really not much point in educating Americans. If they just come back and revert to being like the other Americans, what good does their education do them?"

This story is fiction, it could not happen because the Chinese are a civilized people. Obviously it could not happen in America -- or could it!

Now that you have finished the story, please turn to study note (8) on page 74.

WHAT IS AN EDUCATION? (33)

The colonists of Virginia offered to educate a dozen young men from the Six Nations of the Iroquois. After due consideration a delegation of leaders from the Six Nations sent this reply:

We know that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in those Colleges, and that the Maintenance of our young Men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced, that you mean to do us Good by your Proposal; and we thank you heartily. But you, who are wise must know that different Nations have different Conceptions of things and you will therefore not take it amiss, if our Ideas of this kind of Education happen not to be the same as yours. We have had some Experience of it. Several of our young People were formerly brought up at the Colleges of the Northern Provinces; they were instructed in all your Sciences; but, when they came back to us, they were bad Runners, ignorant of every means of living in the woods. . . neither fit for Hunters, Warriors, nor Counsellors, they were totally good for nothing.

We are, however, not the less oblig'd by your kind Offer, tho' we decline accepting it; and, to show our grateful Sense of it, if the Gentlemen of Virginia will send us a Dozen of their sons, we will take Care of their Education, instruct them in all we know, and make Men of them.

IS IT FOR GOOD? (34)

Going to school some days
Makes us want to say:
What for this going on?
Sleepy and tired
We trudge along the road
And none dare say out loud:
We think it's for nothing.
And yet, we keep on going on.

--Dora Nataway

MY HERITAGE (35)

She looks with contempt at my long hair,
My long hair, braided
Like my forefathers wore theirs--
Long and braided.

I wear my long hair with pride
A sign of my culture and heritage--
INDIAN.
Proud to be an Indian

Contempt and dislike in her eyes,
Dislike for my long Indian hair.
In class, before everyone
She says it aloud.

"Why do you wear it that way?
Your hair long,
Long and in braids--
Like a little girl."

The class laughs--
Loudly and at me.
At my long braided hair,
At my heritage.

I feel hate;
I want to kill her
Kill her for making fun,
Making fun of me and my Indianness.

I want to jump up violently,
Jump up and kill her.
I sit in my seat, with bitterness,
Bitterness and hate in my heart.

I cannot kill a nun!

--Midji Stephenson

MAKH PIYA LUTA (Red Tempest)

The Past, like bright glass beads resplendent,
Pulls my heart with shimmering insistence.
I would be like you, my warrior brothers,
You who left this heritage I treasure.
Old adornments glisten best in sunlight,
So I lift them, and decide to wear them,
And become a brave like you, in spirit.
I am tying up my hair with buckskin,
Wearing moccasins Grandmother beaded,
Standing proud beneath a feathered headdress;
"Oh", my mind says, "You are just pretending.
Put away such dreams and look ahead now."
So I go to college with the white skins,
Calling some of them my friends and smiling.
(Yet behind this mask, sometimes I curse them,
Wishing we had never signed their treaties!)

--Elizabeth Goss (Sioux) (36)

TEACHING HISTORY

The teaching of Indian history to provide Indian children with a true history of their country, so they can see themselves as a part of this history. . . . this is my wish.

--Benjamin Black Elk (Oglala Sioux)

WHAT WILL YOU TEACH MY CHILDREN? (37)

Was it only yesterday that men sailed around the moon? . . . if they have travelled far, then I have travelled farther. . . for I was born a thousand years ago. . . born in a culture of bows and arrows. But within the span of half a lifetime I was flung across the ages to the culture of the atom bomb. . . and from bows and arrows to atom bombs is a distance far beyond a flight to the moon. . . .

I had a glimpse of something better. . . . For a few brief years I knew my people when they lived the old life . . . I knew them when there was still a dignity in their lives and a feeling of worth in their outlook. I knew them when there was unspoken confidence in the home and a certain knowledge of the path they walked upon. But they were living on the dying energy of a dying culture. . . a culture that was slowly losing its forward thrust.

I think it was the suddenness of it all that hurt us so. We did not have time to adjust to the startling upheavel around us. We seemed to have lost what we had without replacement for it. We did not have time to take your 20th century progress and eat it little by little and digest it. It was forced feeding from the start and our stomachs turned sick and we vomited.

Do you know what it is like to be without moorings? . . .

Do you know what it is like to feel you are of no value to society and those around you? To know that people came to help you but not to work with you for you know they knew you had nothing to offer. . . ?

Do you know what it is like to have your race belittled and to be made aware of the fact that you are only a burden to the country? . . .

What is it like to be without pride in your race, pride in your family, pride and confidence in yourself. What is it like? You don't know for you never tasted its bitterness.

I shall tell you what it is like. It is like not caring about tomorrow for what does tomorrow matter. It is like having a reserve that looks like a junk yard because the beauty in the soul is dead and why should the soul express an external beauty that does not match it? It is like getting drunk and for a few brief moments escaping from ugly reality and feeling a sense of importance. It is most of all like awakening next morning to the guilt and betrayal. For the alcohol did not fill the emptiness but only dug it deeper.

And now you hold out your hand and you beckon to me to come over. . . come and integrate you say. . . But how can I come. . . I am naked and ashamed. How can I come in dignity? I have no presents. . . I have no gifts. What is there in my culture you value. . . my poor treasure you can only scorn.

Am I then to come as beggar and receive all from your omnipotent hand? Somehow, I must wait. . . I must delay. I must find myself. I must find my treasure. I must wait until you want something of me. . . until you need something that is me. Then I can raise my head and say to my wife and family. . . Listen. . . they are calling. . . they need me. . . I must go.

Then I can walk across the street and I will hold my head high for I will meet you as an equal. I will not

scorn you for your demeaning gifts and you will not receive me in pity. Pity I can do without. . . my manhood I cannot do without.

I can only come. . . as one sure of his authority. . . certain of his worth. . . master of his house. . . and leader of his people. I shall not come as a cringing object of your pity. I shall come in dignity or I shall not come at all. . . .

I know you must be saying. . . tell us what DO you want. What do we want? We want first of all to be respected and to feel we are people of worth. We want an equal opportunity to succeed in life. . .

I wonder if there is much you can do and yet there is a lot you can do. . . when you meet my children in your classroom respect each one for what he is. . . a child of our Father in heaven, and your brother. Maybe it all boils down to that. . . .

--Chief Dan George

Recommendations of the Grand Council Fire of American Indians.

TO THE MAYOR OF CHICAGO:-- (38)

You tell all white men "America First." We believe in that. We are the only ones, truly, that are 100 percent. We therefore ask you while you are teaching school children about America First, teach them truth about the First Americans.

We do not know if school histories are pro-British, but we do know that they are unjust to the life of our people--the American Indian. They call all white victories, battles, and all Indian victories, massacres. The battle with Custer has been taught to school children as a fearful massacre on our part. We ask that this, as well as other incidents, be told fairly. If the Custer battle was a massacre, what was Wounded Knee?

History books teach that Indians were murderers--is it murder to fight in self-defense? Indians killed white men because white men took their lands, ruined their hunting grounds, burned their forests, destroyed their buffalo. White men penned our people on reservations, then took away the reservations. White men who rise to protect their property are called patriots--Indians who do the same are called murderers.

White men call Indians treacherous--but no mention is made of broken treaties on the part of the white man. White men say that Indians were always fighting. It was only our lack of skill in white man's warfare that led to our defeat. An Indian mother prayed that her boy be a great medicine man rather than a great warrior. It is true that

we had our own small battles, but in the main we were peace-loving and home-loving.

White men called Indians thieves--and yet we lived in frail skin lodges and needed no locks or iron bars. White men call Indians savages. What is civilization? Its marks are a noble religion and philosophy, original arts, stirring music, rich story and legend. We had these. Then we were not savages, but a civilized race.

We made blankets that were beautiful that the white man with all his machinery has never been able to duplicate. We made baskets that were beautiful. We wove in beads and colored quills, designs that were not just decorative motifs, but were the outward expression of our very thoughts. We made pottery--pottery that was useful and beautiful as well. Why not make school children acquainted with the beautiful handicrafts in which we were skilled? Put in every school Indian blankets, baskets, pottery.

We sang songs that carried in their melodies all the sounds of nature--the running of waters, the sighing of winds, and the calls of the animals. Teach these to your children that they may come to love nature as we love it.

We had our statesmen--and their oratory has never been equalled. Teach the children some of these speeches of our people, remarkable for their brilliant oratory.

We played games--games that brought good health and sound bodies. Why not put these in your schools? We told stories. Why not teach school children more of the wholesome proverbs and legends of our people? Tell them how we loved all that was beautiful. That we killed game only for food, not for fun. Indians think white men who kill for fun are murderers.

Tell your children of the friendly acts of Indians to the white people who first settled here. Tell them of our leaders and heroes and their deeds. Tell them of Indians such as Black Partridge, Shabbona, and others who many times saved the people of Chicago at great danger to themselves. Put in your history books the Indian's part in the World War. Tell how the Indian fought for a country of which he was not a citizen, for a flag to which he had no claim, and for a people that have treated him unjustly.

The Indian has long been hurt by these unfair books. We ask only that our story be told in fairness. We do not ask you to overlook what we did, but we do ask you to understand it. A true program of America First will give a generous place to the culture and history of the American Indian.

We ask this, Chief, to keep sacred the memory of our people.

--Scott Peters

THE BEAVER (39)

See how the beaver,
Works all night, without light
In the darkness

He builds his dam
Limb and branch, mud and sand
Higher, stronger, greater dam

From dusk till dawn
His toil goes on, and on

Then tomorrow, you will se
a bubbling stream
Become a pond, and later on
A stagnant lake

And all the creepy, crawly creatures
Will crawl down, to make a home
Within that putrid pond

With turtle, snake, frog and crab,
These neighbors now the beaver will have

But
The deer, bear, lynx and fox,
Raccoon, wolf, moose and hawk

Will move far away
To find a place the beaver hasn't been

Where clear, cold, clean water still flows
Living, Laughing, Tumbling Liquid Life

Waterfalls, brooks, and streams
These are highways for life's dreams.

My son,
Do not become a beaver,
And build for yourself a dam

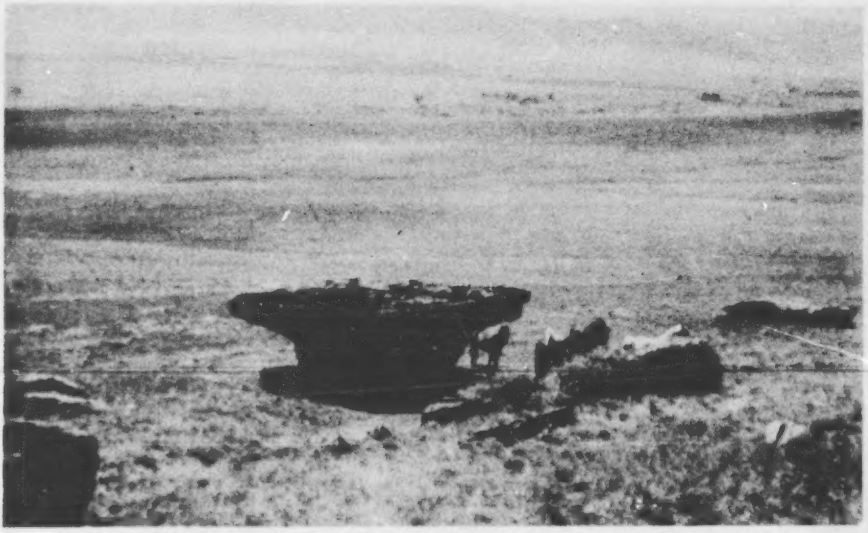
For this is what the whiteman does
With brick and stone and sand

Till his mind is like that lake
Filled with weird wicked wretches
That give no peace

Then he cries to his creator
In desperation

Please God, my God deliver me
From what I have created.

-- Duke Redbird

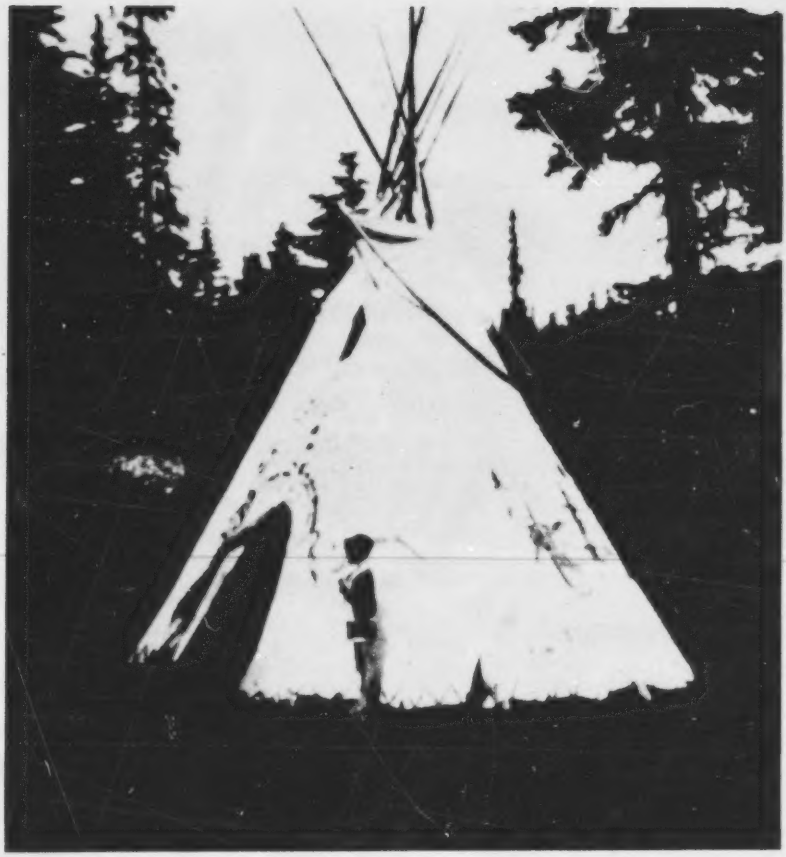


KILLDEER BATTLEFIELD (40)

Standing on this solitary hillside
I listen, hearing sounds the mountains echoed
That day a century and more behind us.
Thundering of three thousand horses' hoofbeats--
Crack-and-echoing of rifle fire--
Braves, stunned, leaping up from quiet hunt talk,
Scrambling for bows and hope-slim arrows,
Swallowing panic, dashing forth to battle,
Shouting to the old men and the women:
"Run--run to the mountains! Go not!"
I am fleeing, too, beside my sisters
In imagination, terror-stricken--
Crying in my heart, "But, oh, my brave one,
What of you against their guns, their cannon?
Already some have fallen; some are dying!"
On, on, on--legs strong in desperation,
Till when we look from high atop the mountain,
The sight and sound of battle's raging turmoil
Wring from despairing watchers better weeping.
"Come, we go," an old man's voice calls grimly,
"There are bad lands to travel yet before us."
Among themselves a group of old men mutter:
"If some are left by sunset, they will follow."
"The blue-coats come to punish us for killing
Those white settlers two years past, now--"
"That what-they-call 'uprising' over yonder?"
"In Minnesota. It was Sioux that did it,
They say rightly. But they punish
Any Indian they find, even we
Who never were at that place--Minnesota."

--Elizabeth Goss

53



BIG HORN

Mighty Big Horn, murmuring waters,
Close beside thee was our home;
We, the Crows, a peaceful people,
Through your valleys did we roam
For the wild deer, who, at sunset,
Came to drink his thirsting fill;
Only raised his head to listen
As the night bird sang his trill.
Knew he not the stinging arrow
Would find its way into his heart,
Like the sorrow to the Red Man
When from Big Horn he must part.
Heard you then the pheasant droning
Like the Indian's rawhide drum,
Where the teepees cast their shadows
On the waters of Big Horn.
Let me stay, Oh then forever,
In my lodge on old Big Horn.

--Mayme E. Finley
1912

Aztec

Inca (Machu Pichu)

Cliff Dwellers (Machu Pichu)

Blackfeet

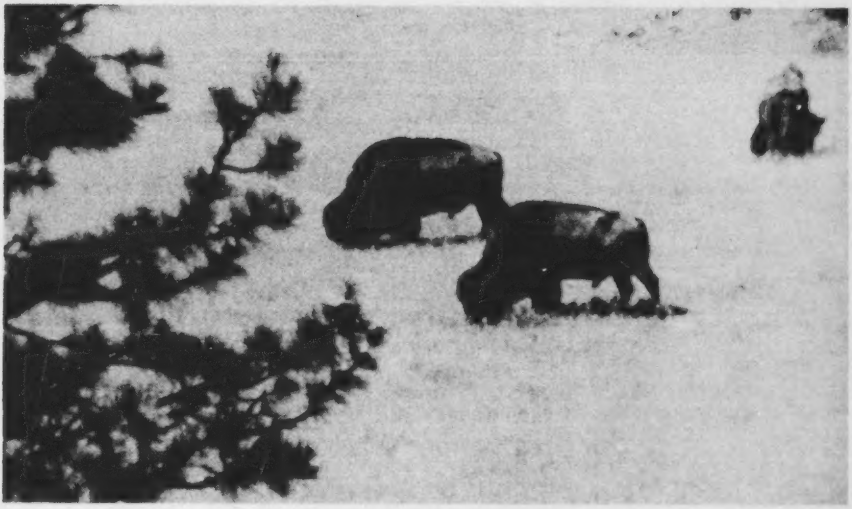
Iroquois

Hopi

LOST (41)

Cars and trucks everywhere,
People rushing here,
People rushing there,
Why they hurry, I don't know.
There's a face!
Who are you?
What's your name?
Not a familiar face just the same.
Do I know you?
Do you know me?
No, just a stranger,
Like everyone else.
There is, someone!
No, just looks a bit alike.
Where are all my friends?
They are lost in the crowd,
Amond the strangers in the town.
An Indian in town is always
A stranger.

--Diane Bellrose (Grade 5)



ILLUSION

Of course I knew the buffalo were gone
From North Dakota grasslands long ago.
I knew, as well, the sadness of their going--
Hunted, skinned, left rotting in the sun.
But in the prairie dusk last week I saw
Buffalo--I counted seven big ones
In the distance, dark against a hillside.
I slowed my car, elated at the picture:
Motionless they stood in deepening darkness,
Grazing in the shadows, undisturbed.
(Later, when I sought the beasts by daylight,
Weathered haystacks slumped where they had stood.)

--Elizabeth Goss

THE SPELL OF THE WINDEGO (Northern Lights) (42)

We love the glow where winter snow
Is piling white and deep
Where Northern Lights on frosted night
Keep children from their sleep.

Come out to play, they seem to say,
The hour is rich and bright.
And laughter rings and spins and sings
In children's ears at night.

We are the children of the sky
We laugh and play and dance.
We Windego are full of fun
Come on and join our magic dance.

With trailing green and red between
And blinding yellow bars
We heed the tune of mellow moon
And dance beneath the stars.

Each little one is running wild
And singing glad refrain!
Let children be where they may see
Those Northern Lights again!

--Gordon Moore (Cree)

THE MARRIAGE

No priest had told her she was mine
No ring bound her to me
No ceremony had sanctified her soul
No paper has seen her name
Yet----
Loving hands sewed the beads on my moccasins
Shining eyes greeted me after the hunt
Tender caresses put my spirit to sleep
Silent words told me I was brave
For----
The Great Spirit had beheld her virtue
His voice had led her to me
Our Mother Earth received us both
We became one with their blessing.

--Duke Redbird

TROUBLED TIMES

When I was just a lad at school
And errands ran for dimes
The speakers as a general rule
Referred to troubled times.
The world is sad to look upon
They sorrowfully said,
When from the school room you have gone
Rough roads you'll have to tread.

From time to time a visitor came
Whose voice this message boomed
Upon mankind must lie the blame
The world today is doomed.
But prophets of dismay and fear
Proved often to be wrong,
I trod the rough roads year by year
And somehow got along.

I know the score of greed and hate
The world's best men have had
And still in spite of blunders great
There's more of good than bad.
Grave dangers seen and unforeseen
Have been the lot of man,
And troubled times have always been
Since first the world began.

--Gordon Moore

CAST YOUR FACE TO THE WINDS

The winds of yesterday are long gone,
The winds of the future are yet to come,
The winds of today are seeking you,
Men of today, cast your face to the winds.

The winds moan o'er country meadows
The winds whisper the words of great men,
Men of today, cast your face to the winds.

The winds shed moanful tears of sorrow
And pass as gently as morning dew,
Men of today, cast your face to the winds.

The gentle breezes of ghostly forms whisper,
The noble deeds of men of wisdom,
The winds tell men to go beyond the reach,
Men of today, cast your face to the winds.

--Jack Fiddler

THE SUN STILL SHINES

The sun still shines
Whatever people say.
The sun still shines
However dark the sky.

Though rain fall fast
And all the clouds are black,
There's blue, blue sky
And sunshine at the back.

The sun stands fast
When all the world seems wrong
And right will win
Although the dark be long.

--Gordon Moore

RED MAN'S DRUM

Boom boom, Boom boom, Boom Boom Boom
Listen to the Rhythm of the Indian Drum
Dance to the Rhythm
Dance to the Song
Dance to the Beating of the Raw Hide Drum

Buffalo Herds in the Long Tall Grass
Run across the Prairies of the Long Gone Past
Buffalo Ponies
Buffalo Lance
Run through the Rhythm of the Red Man's Dance

Mustangs Stampeeding Over the Plain
Running like the Thunder, Rhythm of the Rain
Indian Runner
Rawhide Rope
Listen to the Rhythm of a Pony on a Lope

Now the rhythm's slowing - - peaceful prairie scene
teepees in a circle there beside a lazy stream
buff'lo steaks are roasting
stories round the fire
starlight and contentment fill a prairie maiden's dream

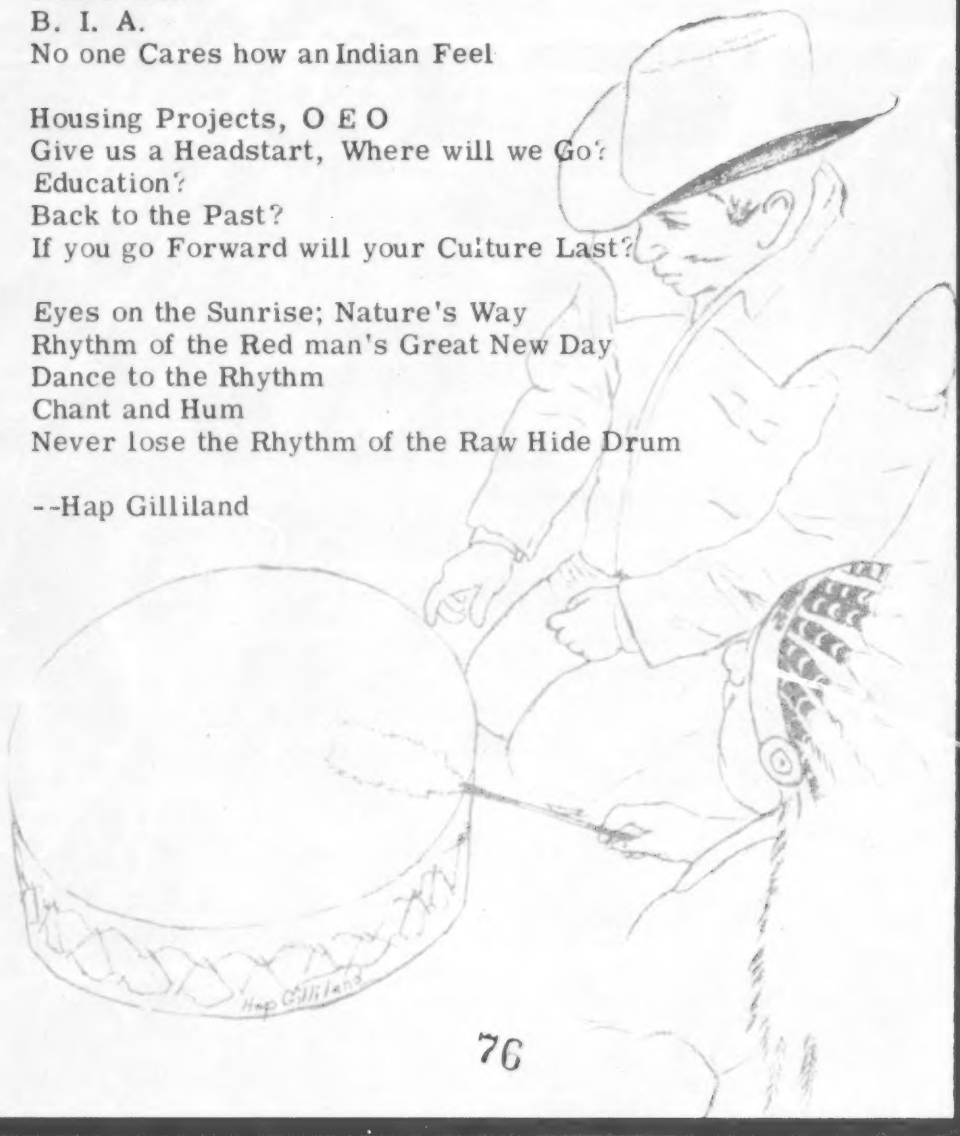
Rifle shot! Cannon! Musket Fire!
Warrior Fight for the Life you Prize!
Broken Treaties
Broken Hopes
The Maiden Weeps and the Warrior Dies

Can you hear the Rhythm of the Wagon Wheel
Scars across the Prairie that our Hearts Can't Heal
Reservation
B. I. A.
No one Cares how an Indian Feel

Housing Projects, O E O
Give us a Headstart, Where will we Go?
Education?
Back to the Past?
If you go Forward will your Culture Last?

Eyes on the Sunrise; Nature's Way
Rhythm of the Red man's Great New Day
Dance to the Rhythm
Chant and Hum
Never lose the Rhythm of the Raw Hide Drum

--Hap Gilliland



STUDY COMMENTARY

(1) Chant of the Red Man. Duke Red Bird, author of this poem, is a Blackfeet Indian. At the time when he wrote the three poems included in this book, he was a student at Blackfeet College in Alberta, Canada.

Does the writer enjoy Indian songs and Indian dances? Does he give you the feeling of what they mean to him as a part of his heritage?

(2) The quotation we have titled "What is an Indian?" is from a report made by Columbus to the King and Queen of Spain. What were the Indians that Columbus found like? Were they uncivilized?

(3) Crowfoot was the son of the great Sioux medicine man, Sitting Bull. He was killed at the age of seventeen during the attempted arrest of Sitting Bull, but had already proved himself to be a potential leader.

On December 15, 1890, Sitting Bull's house was surrounded by eighteen government police who had been ordered to arrest Sitting Bull because of his leadership in the Ghost Dance. The police entered Sitting Bull's house and brought him outside. Meanwhile, a group of Sitting Bull's followers had gathered. When Sitting Bull objected to going with the police, Catch the Bear, one of his followers shot in the the side Lieutenant Bull Head, who was in charge of the police. The Lieutenant turned and shot Sitting Bull, and at the same instant, his Second Sergeant shot Sitting Bull through the head. This was followed by other shots and, although the fight lasted only a few minutes, six police and eight of Sitting Bull's followers were killed. Sitting Bull's son, Crow Foot was one of these.

(4) Crazy Horse was one of the great spiritual and military leaders of the Minneconjou band of the Oglala Sioux nation. As a boy he was named Curley. After his first great success in battle, his father gave him his own name Crazy Horse.

Crazy Horse had light skin and hair. He had a quiet manner and was known for his unusual spiritual powers.

The US Cavalry destroyed his village because he stood for the rights of his people and disregarded the government's order to move onto a reservation. As a result, he became one of the main leaders in the Sioux War of 1876. He led the Sioux and Cheyenne in their victory against General George Crook in the Battle of the Rosebud in Wyoming. Eight days later, after more Sioux had joined his band, he led them in the victory over Custer on the Little Big Horn.

The statement which we have titled "What is Civilization?" is one of the many in which Crazy Horse expressed the belief that the Indian way of life

was superior to that of the whites, and that the whites had no right to take the Indian lands.

In 1877 Crazy Horse and nearly 2000 of his warriors voluntarily surrendered to the US authorities. Shortly afterward, he was murdered at Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

(5) Chief Dan George is a former chief of the Co-Salish tribe of Canada. He was born in 1899 on a reservation in North Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, and still lives there when not engaged in television, radio, and theatre. He has been honored by both Indian and non-Indian for achievements as a philosopher, musician, and actor. He was named best supporting actor in 1970 by the National Society of Film Critics in New York. He was nominated for an academy award for his role as "Old Lodge Skins" the old Cheyenne chief in "Little Big Man." He also had important parts in "Harry and Tonto" and "The Education of Phyllistine."

The selection which we have titled "What is Progress?" is a speech which Dan George made for Canada's centenial celebration. As you read this speech, think about his meaning for the word "I." Does he mean himself or is he refering to all the Indian people of Canada?

(6) Chief Joseph is considered by many one of the greatest and most skillful military leaders in history. He was also oneof many great Indian orators. In 1877, when the government decided to take the homeland of the Nez Perce for non-Indian settlers and move the Indians onto other lands, Chief Joseph made a concerted effort to negotiate a peaceful settlement. However, pressure on the Indians became too great and fighting broke out. Joseph realized that his warriors could not defeat the US Army, so he ordered his people to retreat. He achieved the great military feat of fighting the US forces while moving his entire tribe, men, women, and children, more than one thousand miles across Washington, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. When camped less than forty miles from the Canadian border, his people were surrounded and they surrendered.

Chief Joseph was taken to Washington, DC where he made a speech telling the story of his people. The excerpt which we have titled "What is Freedom?" is the end of the speech. The entire speecn has been published in a book called CHIEF JOSEPH'S OWN STORY, available from Montana Reading Publications for two dollars.

(7) Sitting Bull, a medicine man of the Hunkpapa Teton Sioux Indians was one of the most famous and influential medicine men of the northern plains.

Sitting Bull was largely responsible for a change in the fighting tactics of the Sioux Indians. Previously, a Sioux warrior's main purpose in battle was to show his bravery. A warrior could "count coup" by riding into battle and touching an armed enemy without harming him. Since this was more dangerous and required greater bravery than killing the enemy, it was considered greater and more honorable. However, Sitting Bull convinced the young men that since the US Army fought to kill, they too must fight to kill. Otherwise, they would be driven back and lose all their lands to the whites. This new tactic in fighting led to the annihilation of Custer and his men in the battle on the Little Big Horn in 1876. Sitting Bull was the main medicine

man who prepared the youth for the battle.

After the battle, Sitting Bull and some of his followers retreated to Canada. He returned to the US in 1881. He was taken into custody and confined at Fort Randall for two years, and then released to live on the Standing Rock Reservation in South Dakota.

Sitting Bull saw much of the way of life of the white man and their attempts to change the ways of the Indian. He was convinced that the values of the white man were wrong and that the Indians must go back to their own culture and values. He expressed this idea in the statement which we have quoted here and have titled "Where Shall We Look?"

(8) A FABLE FOR AMERICANS: If you have not yet read the story, stop here! Do not read these study notes until you have read the story completely once.

Now that you have read the story, what is your reaction? Who is the story really about?

If you were the American in the story, how would you feel about the treatment your people have received ?

Three statements have been made regarding this story. Do you agree with any of them?

A. This story is prophesy. It could be the future of America.
B. This story if fiction. It could not happen in America.
C. This story is true. Only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Could it be both a story of the past and a warning for the future? What forces are at work at the present time that are similar to those at the time of the European invasion of America?

Read the story again. Each time you read the word "American," think "Indian." In place of "Chinese," think "European" or "Caucasian" or "White." When you come to a reference number, read from the following comments the one with that number.

(9) Many people who have no contact with American Indians actually are afraid to go to an Indian reservation. Many of them also believe that Indians of the past were "uncivilized" or "savages."

(10) The last successful armed resistance to the American invasion of Indian lands was the victory over Custer in 1876.

(11) Many Indians still retain the Indian name of an ansestor as a family name but use European first names, such as John Red Wolf or Henry Bull Tail. These were not originally family names, but personal names of individuals. Lin Smith has retained the family name, Smith, with a Chinese given name, Lin. (The Chinese would actually call him Smith Lin, as they put family names first.)

(12) The American Indains were conquered mainly because the invaders had superior weapons and seemingly inexhaustible numbers. The Chinese are used as invaders in this story because this produces the best parallel to American history. The Chinese are of a different race from the Americans. They greatly outnumber us. Because their civilization is much older than that of the Europeans and is quite different, they could logically consider it superior. (There is some question as to whether European or American Indian

cultures could be considered older, but certainly it was the opinion of the of the Europeans that theirs was older and better.) The author certainly did not intend to suggest that the Chinese, if they were in this position, would treat the Americans as they did in this story.

(13) In the 1830's epidemics of both small-pox and measles were spread up the Mississippi River and its tributaries by steamboat and from tribe to tribe by infected Indians. Later, they were spread to other groups by giving to the Indians the blankets of soldiers who had died from the disease. In many tribes well over half of the people were killed by these diseases.

(14) For many years and even yet in some history books, the invasions and the taking of Indian lands were excused, justified, even made to seem right on the basis of need. During the 1800's, this theory was called "manifest destiny." This term expressed the idea that white occupation of the land was predetermined, that since it was inevitable this made it right.

Was Japan justified in fighting the Second World War to try to obtain much needed land? (They too believed theirs was the superior race and the higher culture.) India, the Orient, and much of Central America have extreme problems of overpopulation now. What will be the result of this? Would they have a right to take over the US?

(15) It takes a strong culture to retain even some of its essentials after one hundred years of living within another society. If America were to become a captive nation today and our captors set out to force us into their "superior" ways, what parts of our culture do you think the American people would still retain one hundred years from now?

(16) The parallels between the pressures felt by the Americans in this story and the pressures on the Indian in modern life are obvious.

(17) Few history books refer in any specific way to the contributions of the American Indians.

(18) About half of the food plants used in the world today were first domesticated by the American Indian and were taught to the Europeans by them. Of the world's four staple foods, corn, potatoes, wheat, and rice, two (corn and potatoes) were developed by the American Indians. Among the eighty or more food plants domesticated by the American Indian were squash, peppers, tomatoes, pineapples, pumpkins, peanuts, and several kinds of beans. Previous to 1800 the Indians were the only people who had, through selective breeding, produced plants which were different enough from the original to be unable to exist in the wild state. The Aztecs had the only zoo run for the purpose of studying genetics.

(19) Many writers refer to the life of the Plains Indians as nomadic. What would you call the present-day American? Are our reasons for moving around now similar to those of the Indians of the past?

(20) Thomas Jefferson and several of the others who wrote the Constitution of the United States got many of their ideas of democracy from the only true democracy they had seen -- the Iroquois Nation.

More than fifty of the medicines learned from the American Indian are still in use, among them: quinine, cascara, coca from which cocaine and novocaine are made, and another pain reliever, datura. Many other Indian medicines were lost to the world because the pioneers, who really needed these medicines assumed that all Indian medicines were "superstition" -- this at the time when the white doctor's most common "cure" for most diseases was to bleed the person, to remove some of his "bad blood" and thus killed many of their patients. As the whites became the dominant society and whitedoctors began treating the Indians, their medicine replaced that of the Indian medicine men in the treatment of disease. In very few cases did the doctors even attempt to study the medicines of the Indians. In at least one case a doctor discovered that the Indian treatment of an ailment was more effective than his own, but when he asked for information on obtaining the medicine, the medicine man refused to give the doctor his formulas unless the doctor would exchange information and teach the medicine man about his medicines, which the doctor refused to do. Twenty years ago, I acquired from an old west-coast medicine woman samples of twenty of her medicinal plants which were no longer being used. Samples of those plants were also sent to a medical laboratory which reported that fifteen of them contained some of the same chemicals that are in the modern medicines used to treat the same ailments for which she had used them.

(21) "Savages'."

(22) The majority of writers of the history books used in the public schools are actually able to make it sound as if the Indians were the aggressors in the Indian wars.

(23) Indian reservations.

(24) Tribal Council.

(25) BIA -- Bureau of Indian Affairs.

(26) Until very recently a bank could not loan money to build a house on an Indian reservation. Since the land did not belong to the individual who built the house, the bank could not foreclose on a mortgage, therefore loans were impossible. The government is now providing loans for houses and many new homes are being built. Self help housing projects, in which the government provides the supervision and know-how and a group of people in a community helps eachother build, are also making many new homes possible. The one room cabin without water or electricity is no longer the standard as it was ten years ago. However, with the few good jobs available, financing a modern home is still beyond the means of most Indians.

(27) All reservation teachers must meet all the standards for other areas whether applicable or not, but in most states need not have any knowledge of Indian culture. Montana recently became the first state to pass laws requiring teachers in schools where a majority of the students are Indian to take courses in Indian culture. In most states Indian people have had no voice in deciding the requirements for teaching in an Indian school.

(28) When we were attempting to find and to train Cheyenne teachers for Cheyenne schools, many people could not understand why Indian teachers from tribes that were the Cheyenne's traditional enemies or had a completely different culture would not do just as well!

(29) Rubber balls are an invention of the American Indians. So are team sports in which the group considers the team's loss or victory their own. La Cross games, with teams representing the tribes, were frequently used in place of battles to settle disputes between tribes. Previous to exposure to the Indian's team games, most sports were individual competition or the competition was among the players, not as representatives of a group as most school and professional sports are now.

(30) No one is suggesting that American history, music, etc. should be omitted from the curriculum of the Indian school. However, we can see no reason for ignoring the Indian's contributions. It is a rare school that includes tribal government in the courses on history or government, or gives Indian music equal status with European music in the curriculum.

(31) This area is improving rapidly. Many schools have bilingual programs in which children are first taught in the Indian language or are given some instruction in their own language. Other schools have native speakers as teacher aides to help the child who does not understand the instruction in English. However, there are still many school rooms in which children are not allowed ever to speak in their Indian language. In the past children who spoke no English were taken forcibly to boarding schools where they were never allowed to speak in their own language.

(32) The life depicted in many beginning basic readers is completely foreign to most Indian children. The books are about as appropriate to the reservation child as one written for African children would be to the middle class urban child. Skills in reading comprehension cannot be developed by using materials for which the child has no background for understanding.

Many Indian groups have been concerned about this lack of relevant material and about the attitudes of the writers of much of the material which should have been useful. For example, a committee of Northern Cheyenne Indians studied the basic readers being used in their schools. They found almost nothing which was relevant to the background of their children.

The committee then studied the history books. In the two or three pages about the plains Indians, they were referred to as the savages who were the enemies of civilization. There was no mention of their moral concepts, or their culture. The authors had no sympathy with the Indians' attempts to defend their own land from the invaders. One book that did tell something of Indian history described the Battle of Wounded Knee in which the Indians had given up their arms and were then attacked and killed, as a great victory. Yet any Indian victory over the attacking American army was described as a massacre, even if the Indians had attempted to avoid the conflict. Most of the fiction and general reading material available to the children either had little relevancy to the life of the Indian child or was along the same vein as the history books. The exception to this was those books which describe a very romanticized version of Indian life; books such as The Last of the Mohicans and Longfellow's Hiawatha, which idealize the Indian yet abound in misinformation.

After studying the available books, the Northern Cheyenne Education Committee began what was termed the Cheyenne Writing Project to produce the kind of reading material needed by students in their schools. Upon contacting various publishers, it was found that most of them stated flatly that it was not feasible to publish books for a limited audience which they felt would be the case with materials for Indian children. Montana Reading Publications agreed to distribute the books at cost. The Cheyenne tribe was able to get a small grant to pay the cost of writing and printing and the Indian Culture Series was started. Most of the material was obtained through interviews with the older members of the tribe. The books were kept small, informal, and easy to read so they would not be a threat to the hesitant reader.

These books made a big difference in the interest and attitude toward school of many of the children. It was decided that this series should be expanded to include stories of other tribes throughout the country. The non-profit Montana Indian Education Fund was formed from small contributions from interested persons and the series now includes more than fifty-five small books, including the one you are now reading.

(33) The relevance of our system of education to the needs of the Indian have been alluded to in the "Fable for Americans." The next several selections are expressions of Indian people, of both the past and present, regarding their feelings about our educational system. The first of these was written more than two hundred years ago when the colonists offered to educate some Iroquois Indians. The quotation which we have titled "What is an Education?" is their answer.

The Virginia colonists thought they were doing the Indians a great favor by offering to educate a dozen of their young men in their colleges. Do you think the Indians were correct in turning them down and saying there was no value in this type of education? Why?

For the last hundred years the US government has made this same offer to the youth of nearly all tribes. Many are quitting school in elementary and high school. Some are starting to college, finding that it does not meet their needs, and going home.

Is there still a failure on the part of schools to adapt to the needs of the Indian student? Do most teachers know the culture of their Indian students well enough to plan instruction to meet the needs of the present day Indian? In the poem "Is if for Good?" an Indian child from Manitoba, (34) Dora Nataway, expresses her doubts.

Do our schools, intentionally or unintentionally, downgrade the culture of the Indian? For a more thorough discussion of the importance of adapting instruction to the needs of the Indian student, and finding reading materials which correctly interpret the culture, read chapters two and three of INDIAN CHILDREN'S BOOKS. This book is available from Montana Reading Publications, 517 Shamrock Road, Billings, Montana 59101.

(35) Midji Stephenson grew up on the Sioux Indian reservation in Montana. She saw the attitude of many of the teachers toward their Indian students. In the poem "My Heritage" she expresses the feelings of an Indian boy during an incident which occured in one of her classes.

(36) In her poem "Red Tempest" Elizabeth Goss, from North Dakota expresses well the conflict of the cultures of the present day Indian who reveres the Indian culture of the past yet knows she must go on and get a good education to make her way in modern society.

(37) "What will you Teach My Children" consists of excerpts from a speech that Chief Dan George (see no. 31) made to the teachers at the Canadian Association of Indian and Eskimo Education Conference at Banff, Alberta, Canada in May 1970. He too indicates that the real need in Indian education is for a change in attitude as much as in content.

(38) Not only the attitudes exhibited in the classrooms, but in the books used in schools is criticized by the Grand Council Fire of American Indians in this proclamation, presented to the Hon. William Hale Thompson, mayor of Chicago in 1927.

The recommendations were written by Scott H. Peters, President of the Grand Council Fire, and the delegates: George Peake (Little Moose), Chippewa; Albert Lowe (Little Eagle), Winnebago; Daniel St. Cyr (Flaming Arrow), Winnebago; A. Warren Cash (Spotted Elk), Sioux; A. Roi (Clearwater), Ottawa; Babe Begay, Navajo; and Maimie Wiggins (O-me-me), Chippewa.

(39) Duke Redbird's description of the beaver is significant in its expression of values different from those found in most non-Indian literature. We have all heard the beaver honored and used as a good example for his ambition and hard work. Duke Redbird questions whether either hard work for its own sake or interfering with nature have value.

(40) Killdeer Battlefield: In 1862, federal officers in Minnesota incensed the Indians by withholding annuities which were provided for under land session treaties. The Indians were further upset when Governor Ramsey paid traders funds that were prohibited by the treaty.

Upset by these actions a group of Sioux Indians started what was known throughout Minnesota as "the Outbreak." Little Six and his friends killed five people near Acton, Minnesota. Little Crow and Inkpoduta, leaders of a band of Indian outlaws took up the fight and attempted to drive the white people out of Minnesota and regain their old hunting grounds.

Governor Ramsey enlisted volunteers to fight the Indians. The outbreak spread through Dakota to Montana. It continued until 1865 and involved many Indians who had no knowledge of its origin.

The most serious engagement of this war was the Battle of Tahakonty, or Killdeer Mountain on July 28, 1864. Between the Little Missouri and the headwaters of the Knife in western North Dakota, sixteen hundred Sioux were camped at Tahakonty. General Alfred Sully, with twenty two hundred

soldiers, discovered the camp and attacked using both rifles and artillery. The Indians fled after more than one hundred of them had been killed.

In her poem "Killdeer Battlefield," Elizabeth Goss expresses her feelings, standing at the location of that battle.

(41) Diane Bellrose is a Manitoba Indian. She was in elementary school when she wrote this poem expressing the lonliness of the city.

(42) Gordon Moore, the author of this poem is a Cree who started going blind shortly after he started elementary school. As a result, his formal education ended at the end of grade three. This remarkable self-educated Indian has "written" many poems about the James Bay region as he remembers it. This poem about the northern lights (Windego in Cree) is an example of his descriptions of his vivid recollections of the things he saw as a child many years ago.

In his poems "Troubled Times" and "The Sun Still Shines," he expresses his optimism toward life and his confidence in the future.

(43) This poem, "Red Man's Drum," summarizes the book "Chant of the Red Man." It is an excellent poem for choral reading. Try reading it aloud to the beat of a drum.

Hap Gilliland, author and editor of this book, has lived and worked with Indians in various parts of North and South America. He has organized and directed remedial reading projects and college incentive projects on Indian reservations to improve the educational opportunities of Indian students. He teaches courses in Indian culture at Eastern Montana College, where he is director of the Reading Center. He has conducted teacher training workshops in methods of teaching the native student in Montana, California, Wyoming, Alaska, Canada, Venezuala, Australia, and New Zealand. He is a member of the National Indian Education Committee organized by the Association on American Indian Affairs.

He has made three extended trips to South America where he has traveled to remote jungle regions to live with Indian tribes whose lives are unaffected by the outside world.

If you have enjoyed this book, you will also enjoy the following books from the Indian Culture Series, distributed by Montana Reading Publications:

CHIEF JOSEPH'S OWN STORY: story of the struggle of the Nez Perce Indians as told by Chief Joseph himself in 1879.

NIGHT WALKER AND THE BUFFALO: a Cheyenne's struggle to combine the past and the present by Althea Bass.

THE FLOOD: legends of the Great Flood as told by 16 tribes throughout the world by Hap Gilliland.

VOSTAAS the story of Montana's Indian nations. A good beginning for a study of the plains Indians by Maxine Ruppel.

THE HORSE AND THE PLAINS INDIAN: the role of the horse in the Indian culture by Raymond Schuessler.

CLATSOP DRUMBEATS: poetry of the Northwest Indian culture by Willis Eberman.

THE MONEY GOD: modern Navajo Indian living in two cultures by Dolly Hildreth, Richard Albert, and Viola Lindblad.

TRAGEDY OF TENAYA: story of the Yosemite Indians by Allan Shields.

APR 1980
RECEIVED
ERIC/CRESS

What is it like to be an Indian in America today?

That is the question the author has tried to answer in CHANT OF THE RED MAN. The story "A Fable for Americans" will help any non-Indian to gain an understanding of how he himself would react to the treatment his people receive from the dominant society if he were an American Indian living on a reservation.

Along with his "fable" the author has included a collection of statements made by Indians expressing their feelings. These are in both prose and poetry, and range from quotations from great Indian orators and statesmen of the past to those of present-day Indian students.

This book has been highly recommended by Indian people as a starting place for courses in Indian culture. For this purpose, study notes have been added in the back of the book. Do not let this fool you into thinking of it as a text book. It is a book to be read for pleasure, for thought, for understanding of a way of life.